A Spanking Over a Waiter's Knee Cured One, and an Unceremonious Tumble Into the Ocean Took the Insolence Out of the Other.

"It is a notorious fact," said an old horseman, "that successful jockeys are more afflicted with the big head than any other class of midgets you're liable to meet up with. On two occasions that I recall I've seen American waiters take prominent American jockeys down when the latter have beome insufferable in their conduct. Some years ago an eastern jockey whose fame was spread broadcast throughout the racing world was taking dinner with a party of foolishly idolatrous friends at the Cliff House, outside of San Francisco. The jockey had been riding during the winter racing in and around San Francisco, and on this day he had won the swell event of the year on a rather no account horse. Consequently his hat was a whole lot too small for him.

"He was an insulting little chap at best, but on this occasion he simply let his tongue run away with his brains. His humor took the turn of joshing an old time waiter at the Cliff House who had been in California since the days of the Argonauts. The old man had long side whiskers, and the lockey made sundry and divers remarks to the walter about the opportunity he was giving to the wind by wearing whiskers of that particular length, and the old man took the talk good naturedly without paying much attention to the touch of nastiness in the midget's remarks. Finally, bowever, when the wine had gone around pretty freely, the jockey reached up behind his chair as the old waiter was in the act of performing some little service for the men at the table, and, twisting his hand in the hair on one side of the old servitor's face, he delib erately pulled out a fairly large handful of the latter's whiskers.

"The old man leaped back with pair and indignation, the jockey laughing at him idiotically. Then the waiter coolly lifted the jockey out of his chair by the scruff of the neck, sat down and calmly deposited the midget across his knees, face downward.

'Son,' said the walter, 'there's something that you've stood in need of for a long time past, judging from your actions here during the past few months, and that something you're about to get and get good,' and he brought the palm of an ample hand down with a smack that sounded very pleasant indeed unto the ears of all the rest of the people in the room (except the jockey's friends) who had seen the beard pulling incident. Then he brought both hands into play, and the rataplan told of splendid execu-The jockey kicked and strug gled, but he couldn't break loose, and he had to take his medicine. Then his friends at the table jumped to his rescue, and, quickly letting the jockey slide on to the floor, the old waiter, thoroughly aroused, jumped up and knocked them down one after the other. He just polished them all off in detail, and when he had got through with them he stood his ground. Then the manager appeared on the scene and when he was told by a number of other guests, prominent men, what had happened he assisted in kicking the party out of the house.

"Another time a jockey who leaped into prominence with meteoric speed by reason of his winning two of the great events of the eastern turf in quick succession got the worst of it at the hands of a Coney Island waiter. I saw the incident myself. The jockey had had such a mighty accession of the 'I am it' spirit that he considered he could perform all sorts of mean little tricks at the expense of all hands and do the same with impunity. On this day he had won three straight races, and his imperiousness was something monumental. He took dinner with three bookmakers on one of the big Coney Island plers. The man who waited on the party was a bullet head, but a quiet, attentive man at that. He was removing some plates after the second course when the jockey picked up a siphon of seltzer and deliberately squirted half the bottle full in the waiter's face. The waiter wiped his face and his shirt front off with his table towel and then he walked up to the jockey's chair and said: 'Have you had yer dip in de sea yit

t'day, Freddy?' "No.' said the jockey, with an expression of surprise on his face, as if wondered what was coming. "'I t'ought not,' said the bullet

headed waiter. 'Dat's de reason I'm goin t' let you have it now.' "Then the waiter suddenly picked

the famous jockey up, and before any of the men at the table could interfere he carried him over to the railing of the pier and dropped the midget horse rider into the water, about 15 feet be-

"I jist want t' see if de little snoozer wit' de swelled nut kin swim as well as he kin ride a horse,' said the waiter, quietly watching the jockey come to the surface and strike out. The jockey could swim, and he made the beach without any trouble, but he didn't return to the pier."-Washing-

"Poor Excuse," Etc. "That Slims is the most resourceful fellow you ever saw. His girl has a pretty consin stopping with her, and he an orchestra to serenade them Thursday night. As he had done nothing of What do the day night. As he had done not not as the kind and forgot all about it, and as she had made arrangements to treat the serenaders, Slims caught it hot and heavy when he next called. How do

you suppose the rascal squared him-"Haven't the slightest idea." "Told the girl that the orchestra struck on him because she sang in church and didn't belong to the union."

No Credit For Good Intentions. "Some people," said the boy with the dirty face, "never thank ye, no matter what ye do fur 'em. A feller put a bent pin on the teacher's chair the other day, an when the teacher was about to set down I pulled the chair out from under him to save him frum the pin, an, by George, he licked me fur it!"-Chicago

-Detroit Free Press.

tirely vanished and he has gained twenty



rich all, and after swint I wrote to be swint I wrote and it was a swint I was a swint I wrote a work I was a swint I was a will be wi

Piles is a disease that is usually treated locally with ointments which are well enough in their way but do not touch the

This is where Dr. Pierce's medicines excel—they cure the cause of disease and of necessity the disease itself disappears. Piles are caused by a severe inflammation of the lining of the rectum and lower in-testines, and this inflammation is due to the presence of effete, poi-sonous matter. To cure two things are nec-

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edies will not only find his piles cured but will soon discover that his general health Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

For Once Ferguson's Brain Quickly Enough.

George Ferguson," sharply exclaim ed his wife after the visitor had gone, "I wouldn't for worlds be as big a aypocrite as you are!"

I been acting the hypocrite?" "You know well enough. Cousin Jerry showed us the picture of the young woman he is going to marry you said, 'She's as pretty as a picture! and you know she is homely enough to

loosen the paint on a brick wall." George scratched his chin and refleefed a moment.

"Mrs. Ferguson-madam," he said, "don't accuse me of hypocrisy. She is as pretty as a picture-her own pic-Even then it did not occur to Mrs.

Ferguson to retort that this explanation didn't help him any, as the photograph surely was retouched. And an opportunity for crushing husband, once lost, never turns tip

again.-Chicago Tribune. Done.

"But is it-not difficult to keep hens in the suburbs?" The pale, gaunt man with the hollow eyes gestured deprecatingly. "Oh, no," he replied, "not since the

invention of quinine capsules in the form of kernels of corn." Of course, now and then a hen with a weak heart or something would succumb to malaria, but only now and then.-Detroit Journal.

piece of land for?" was asked of the ruin. visionary citizen who suddenly decided to take up his residence outside of the

city. "The soil is unproductive and "Good! Your judgment confirms my is a failure. I propose to raise cucumbers and young onions that are pickled

A Short Haired Remembrance "Your friend over there with the very close cut hair reminds me of somebody I've seen somewhere.

in the growth."-Detroit Free Press.

"Perhaps you have met some of his was your business before you came here?"

"I was warden of a penitentiary."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Distressing.

"Well, here's another case of accidental shooting." "Too bad! I wonder why it is that people will go on fooling with guns

that they don't know are loaded." "Oh, they knew this one was loaded all right! It happened at a French duel."-Chicago Times-Herald.

"Miranda," said Biggs the other day, how would you like to live in a nice little flat down town?" "I wouldn't like it at all," snapped Mrs. Biggs. "After living with one for

nearly 15 years I've got about all the flat experience 1 care for."-Kansas City Journal. It Has Been Noticed.

"There's a rather queer thing that I have noticed about people who follow the profession of letters." "What's that?"

"The man who writes just to keep News, the pot boiling is not the one who produces the hottest stuff."-Chicago Times-Herald.

Children Drink?

Don't give them tes or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee.

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it. 15c. and 25c. Try Grain-0! Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O Accept no imitation.

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Our Colonal And Laddie. 0 #0#0*0*0*0#0#0#0#0#0#0#0#0#0#0#

They became at last a home word, a regular proverb, among all the fellows of the -th light infantry and with the fellows' wives, too-our colonel and his little lad. Indeed, I have heard Jack Norris, ever noted for his malapropisms, say of them that "they took the shine out of David and Solomon altogether."

From the time of his wife's death. when the youngster was about 3 years old, with the exception of a short campaign in South Africa, I do not believe the colonel had ever been parted for 12 consecutive hours from his boy. When be went there also went Laddie; indeed, there was a story that he took the child all unconsciously to a levee one day and mly discovered his error when an official pointed it out to him.

As sure as the colonel's white charger ppeared on parade there came Laddie's black pony, and the pony and horse were ver together on parade ground and review, route marching and divisional in Laddie lunched in the messroom always

and diaed with us also on those rare occasions (his birthday included) when ev ery officer, married and single, thought it expedient to put in an appearance. We went to India when Laddie was about 8 years old, and the doctors strongly advised the father not to risk the dan-gers of an Indian climate with a child of that age. Colonel Graham hesitated and at last made arrangements for the lad to stay with his grandmother; but, stern disciplinarian as he was in the regiment, he failed to obtain obedience from Laddie

Laddie clung to his father, crying frantically that he could not, would not leave him, that it would kill him, and at las his father, that uncompromising autocrat inside barracks, gave way to the child's persuasion and took him to India.

in this respect.

We were sent, fortunately, to healthy stations, so no evil consequences ensued, but on each birthday the colonel announced that Laddie must now "go home," although somehow be never went, and so the years passed away until the b "'s twelfth birthday came,

The usual programme was arranged: Tiffin in the messroom, a tea party for all officers' children, and a holiday and tea party for all the soldiers' children, "In what way," he demanded, "have to conclude with an especially grand dinner in the messroom, with the band to play appropriate music. I came to the long tables to watch what

Laddie called a "tea parade," and I was perfectly astounded at the rapidity with which those children demolished large current buns and monstrous cups of tea. At last even the most voracious child was satisfied, the remnants of the feast were removed, and the children commenced some of those fearful and wonderful games peculiar to the English child in all climates. After some time, however, the noise became too much for most of us, and even Colonel Graham retired to the messroom, where, standing at the open windows, we watched the

games. Suddenly a low rumbling noise attracted our attention. "What is that?" I asked, but I received no answer, for at that moment the whole house was shaken, the windows

almost falling in, and I saw the colonel, a look of speechless horror on his face, spring through the open window. Some of the children, Laddle among them, were aying under the shade of a part of the barracks rendered uninhabit able by its ruinous condition, and which by some mistake on the part of the au-

thorities, we had n " been allowed to repair or destroy. The earthquake, too slight to do more than shake the mess quarters, demolished this rotten building like a house built of playing cards. With screams of the falling stones, all but one little girl, a sergeant's child, who, too young to un-What in the world did you buy that derstand the danger, ran crying to the

We all hastened over the square, men rushed from every direction, but none Atlanta Constitution.

of us could be in time. None! Yes, there was one. Laddie was close to the little girl, and, darting forward, he caught her, threw her with all own. If the soil is not sour my scheme his strength into safety and was crushed in her stead under a mass of falling

I heard the colonel's cry and saw his frantic rush among the cloud of dust. We saw him tear the stones from the little crushed form; he raised it in his arms-another moment and both would down all that remained of the ruin.

be safe-when a slight shock brought When I and a dozen others reached relatives. The family resemblance is the spot, nothing could be seen of either strong among them. Let's see. What father or child. We all used our utmost strength to drag away the debris, but several minutes passed before we found them, and every minute lesseaed their

chance of life. The doctor was with us before we found them, the boy still clasped in his father's arms. The doctor felt Laddie's pulse, laid his head on his breast, then said sadly:

"The child is dead, and I am much afraid that the father is also." A further examination proved, he ever, that Colonel Graham was still alive.

"Will he live?" we all asked eagerly. "Impossible," he replied, "the spine is paralyzed, and there are other injuries. Hush! He is conscious now." The colonel looked up and whispered:

"Laddie! Doctor, how is my little lad?" For one moment the doctor could not answer; then he said gently: "Laddie is where he will never feel pain or sorrow, colonel."

I shall never forget the look of agony on the white, set face of the father. Then he said brokenly, "And I?" "Old friend, you will join Laddie very

"Thank God," answered the colonel reverently, and they were his last con-We buried them together, our colone and his little lad.-London Evening



"Why do you weep?" "I ain't weeping. Dis is perspiraion."-New York Journal.

than through coal buckets. Half burnt coal and burnt coal that gives half service costs more than the bucket loses. Jewel Stoves and Ranges are the only effective rem-

edy for stove waste. Every particle of fuel secures perfect combustion, every unit of heat gives effective service. Jewels bring to the kitchen cleanliness, comfort, economy. Examine their construction and see why. 3,000,000 in use.

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HELPING MATTERS. Here's a New Use, Girls, For Your

No youth who has not been through the triais and tribulations of courtship has any adequate conception of what they are. Out in the suburbs there is a handsome group of residences, and the people occupying them are largely have their own "set," exchange visits other with all the freedom that obtains in a small town.

attentive. At every visit he ran a gan. night. How do I know who laid it out tlet. In winter there were faces smiling from the window panes, and when weather permitted he had to pass wasn't there. But right where the wagroups that studied every phase of his looks and movements as though he stood, and because the bluffs and the

were an imported curiosity. who were not in their gardens were on the front verandas, so that nothing passed unnoticed. One youngster had days when everybody had a dream. broken his bicycle while trying to ride girl's brother spied him.

"Say," shouted the irrepressible, "are you goin to be engaged to my sister?" The young man hurried on as though he did not hear the question or the laugh that greeted it.

she'd give \$10 to know how the land laid, and I'll go snooks with you." There was an engagement within a week, and the whole neighborhood re-Press.

A Veteran In the Business. One of the old time darkies, on being asked "how he was making out," replied in this fashion: "Well, suh, times is mighty tight wid

me, but I manage ter make a livin." "What are you doing now?" "Well, suh, I keeps de pot b'ilin by terror the children rushed away from doin a little plowin, a little votin en a ittle baptizin, en w'en dey's nuttin doin at dem three I hangs roun de name was Jessup, who voted for the

de notion ter run fer office ag'in!"-An Awful Strain.

if he is alive." "Is he so ill?" "No, but his whist club, chess ciub, golf club and bicycle club all have tournaments this summer."-Chicago folk all meet in the little square what

Exposing His Men. risky," remarked a Filipino soldier. "Yes," assented a comrade; "he made us hold on to our trenches yesterday

until the Americans got in plain view of us."-Ohio State Journal. Blighted Hopes. "I used to think Fordyce would make great political boss some day." "And you don't think he will?" "Never in the world. He'll never make even a statteman!"-Chicago

Tribune. Choosing a Term. "I understand he has met with finan-

cial reverses." "Oh, dear, no! He wasn't wealthy enough for that. He has merely gone broke."-Chicago Post.

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There are leaks and

leaks. Greater leaks go

through the ordinary stove

The story was told me years ago floata community unto themselves. They ing by Dead Man's slough one hot aftertion. The slough is a bayou of the upper instend of calls, and gossip about each Mississippi. Fishermen sometimes find corpses there attached to their lines.

"See," said Bristow, the story teller, A young man from down in the city pointing to a bay on the western shore regarded one of the girls out there as of the river, "Sebastopol was there once his "steady" and was correspondingly -a bloody town that went out in the or what became of those who were there? Perhaps the river swallowed it hills bound it in they called it Sebastopol, The climax came during one of the and the sugar and wheat boats can earlier summer evenings. It was light and went, the women and children kidlong after the evening meal, and those ded about the streets, and the men waited for the town to make 'em all millionaires. All towns in that Sioux and Winnebago country were gold mines in those days

"A boat throws out her lines one night through an old apple tree, and the lar- and ties up, and when the captain comes gest of the groups was at the scene of ashore and the best of the town was the accident. As he approached, his going down his gully he tells as how the south is for secession and going to quit the north. He says in the cotton fields men are working with guns by their sides, and that there was a new flag, one with stars and bars, what was put up over the other with stars and stripes. And it was all about the nigger. "Don't git uppish now," called the bastopol didn't care for niggers; there lad in a still higher key; "mother said wasn't one in town, and those what come up on the boats staid on 'em when at Sebastopol. One what come ashore they put at the foot of a hill with the oak and the elm so thick that you couldn't see the top, and they started him on the ceived immediate notice.-Detroit Free climb up with the hounds after him. And it was music to the ears below when the hounds reached him and his yell of despair was shut off with the yelp of

the dogs. Did he get away? went to see. He didn't come back, but the dogs did. "Fifteen hundred miles away from sion and decides it'll go out of the Union, too, and on a vote there was 71 men for destroying the town flag, which was a proper banner of stripes and stars There was one man, a Vermonter, whose white folks en waits 'twell dey gits in flag, and he got his notice that night to follow the nigger over the hills, only he didn't get the dogs after him. He takes his rifle and he goes to the top of the highest bluff what overlooks Schastopol, "I must take Henry away in August, so high up he could look right down into the town, and he sets there all night. I

heard as how when morning came sor people, maybe women, sees him kneeling as if he had prayers to say. "Ten o'clock that morning the town was the landing place for the boats, and there's some wood piled up there, Exposing His Men. and over the top of the wood two men "Our colonel is getting entirely too stretched the old flag. - And then, to show they wasn't afraid, they brings out a little girl all dressed in white, and she has a little torch, and she puts that to the wood, and it lights up. Perhaps in 10 or 20 minutes the flag and the wood are all gone, and Sebastopol is satisfied that it's secoded. The men was so excited that they didn't work, and the women hung about the doorways and wondered what would come next. Somebody said as how the south was going to take everything along the river from New Orleans to St. Anthony, and as how Jeff Davis would be king. Some of the Sebastopol people knew him, because

> he was in the regular army. "While they were all speculating so body looks up to the top of the hill had never heard of a baggage check. where old Jessup had gone, and there they sees the stars and stripes waving from a pole and Jessup standing by it. leaning on his gun and looking down Suppose he must have had it in his kit long time. It wasn't a big flag, but big enough for all Sebastopol to see it and get redhot mad. The men goes for their guns, the women get inside the houses, and there's going to be trouble There was just one way to get up to Jessup, and that was a straight climb through the brush to where be was. A couple of men took a shot at him from the town, but he never moved, and the first fellow that got anywhere near him Jessup gave him warning and shot him dead. That stopped the others, and they went to speculating. They speculated all day and night and for several days, but Jessup and the flag didn't move until they got ready to.

he'd been at Fort Prairie du Chien when

"When they did go, nobody saw them and the next word what comes to Sebastopol was that the regulars at Fort Snelling had been notified of what the town had done, and there was going to be trouble. Sebastopol laughed, but just like a woman who has the lung trouble, not bad, but coming slow and gradual, the town fades away. This family goes and that one, the docks break away, the flood comes, the houses tumble in, the timber wolves get nearer, there's a fresh et, Lake Pepin backs up, and one more ing there ain't anything where Schas topol was but sand, wood grass and some at 6:30. The track and equip-birds and squirrels. Of course God does ment are of the highest standard. Low rate tourist tickets to St. Paul, Minne-for me to know that he's around sawing apolis, Lake Minnetonka, wood, but I just have kept a thinking Duluth, Helena, Butte, ever since I knew about that flag that somehow what Sebastopol did didn't Tacoma, Scattle and Alaska. agree with the Almighty, and he put out his hand and laid it upon the town, and

that was enough." The boat swung outward to avoid a sand bar, and we passed from sight of the town upon which the withering blight of an unknown power had faller after the destruction of the flag.-New York Evening Post.

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GOT HIS CLEAN CLOTHES. He Had No Money, but Had Nerve and

GUARANTEED BY US."

ar Casy Chinaman. That there are more ways than one accomplish a thing if a man only ias the necessary nerve is illustrated by the experience of a young man. The young man tells the story himself, so there is no betrayal of confidence

n printing it. It seems that he had a big bundle of collars and cuffs and shirts at a Chinese laundry a night or two ago, some articles in which he needed very much. The night was the furthest in the week from his pay day, and he was "broke." Still he had to have clean linen in order to keep an important en-

"I didn't know what to do," he said in relating the incident. "I felt sure that the Chinanan woundn't extend credit to me, for it is a well known thing that Chinese laundrymen never 'trust.' At last I hit upon a scheme, Going to my room, I bundled up all the soiled linen I possessed. Hurrying around to the hundryman's, I produced the bundle.

"'Sixty-five cents!" he exclaimed blandly, holding out his hand for the

"I picked up the clean linen and, depositing the bundle of solled on his counter, started for the door as if my life depended on my being half a mile away within five minutes.

"That's all right!" I shouted back in reply. 'Just mark it on that bundle,

and I'll pay you for both together!" "Then I was gone, but not before caught a glimpse of the laundryman hastily unwrapping the bundle I had left, as if he was anxious to see whether or not the contents were worth the 65 cents I had 'hung him up' for. He was evidently satisfied, for he didn't yell for the police or make any commotion, as I was afraid be might do. and I had all kinds of freshly launder-Washington, Sebastopol learns of seces- ed collars and cuffs and shirts to wear that night. And all on account of a bit of nerve."-Philadelphia Inquirer.

FIGHT FOR YOUR BAGGAGE.

Seems to Be the Proper Caper

on English Railways. "No American can ever travel on the railways of England in comfort," said open doorway. the New Yorker, who had crossed the Atlantic a score of times. "In the first place you've got to play hog if you get a compartment by yourself, and in the next it's an even question whether you get your baggage at the end of your journey. Everything is piled upon the platform, and every passenger must pick out his own. If you are two minutes late, there is nothing to prevent somebody claiming your bagcage. I never arrived at a terminus without witnessing a big row between passengers, and I never talked with a fellow passenger who had not lost trunk or satchel at some time or other. In three months of traveling about 1 saw my trunk claimed by others at least 20 times for assaulting the porters. This 'assault' consisted solely in abusing the railroad companies about the baggage system. I finally got so mad about the thing that I spent two days in securing an interview with a railway magnate at his office in London. I straightway asked him if he

"'I have, sir,' he replied. "'Don't you think it a good system?

" 'I do. sir.' " 'Then why don't you adopt it?' 'Because it's a Yankee idea, sir!' "I told him it was also a Yankee idea to eat oysters and asked him why he followed suit, and he was as serious as

a judge as he replied: 'Oh, but that's different, you know. You Yankees swallow your oysters whole, while we always halve and sometimes quarter them!" "- Exchange.

When Gauss became blind, his only amusement consisted in making calculations of a curious and somewhat peculiar nature. These sometimes lasted for days. When more than 80 years old. Gauss computed the amount to which \$1 would grow if compounded annually at 4 per cent interest from the time of Adam to the present, as suming this to be 6,000 years. This, if in gold, would make a cubic mass so large that it would take a ray of light traveling almost 2.000 miles a second more than 1,000,000,000 years to journey alongside of it. This mental computation is so startling as to be almost beyond belief, yet the conclusions of this eminent mathematician are correct.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Missing Time. What do people do with their surolus time? They used to weave the cloth their garments were made of and make them by hand. They now get them ready made at the stores. takes less time to do every act drudgery than it used to take. What "WHITE IN A

SINGLE NIGHT."

It was in the ladies' room at the depot that I saw her. She was a charming creature and but for that coronet of owy hair would have been remarkably cautiful. As it was she had a strange, mearthly look in spite of her piquant face and splendid eyes. I made her acquaintance and got her story. It was

"It happened two years ago, I was 19 then. My brother had gone over to one of the neighbors, and the servants were away at some grand merrymaking, so I was alone. As the place was retired and the evening cool for the season I losed the house at an early hour, exepting the sitting room door, which pened on a large piazza.
"I was seated in this room, occupied

with some light knitting, when a shufting step in the doorway caused me to look up. Involuntarily I screamed. large, gaunt man stood there, glaring at ne with the ferocity of a tiger. strange, mirthless laugh parted his lips as I screamed, and he strode across the coom and seated himself in front of me, his knees touching name. "'Afraid, are you? Afraid, hey?' he

cried, with another loud, mirthless laugh, fixing a pair of eyes wild with insanity apon my face. 'Good! I like that-I like THAN 50 CENTS A BOX IS NOT to see people afraid. They pale, the shiver, they scream, they run, they fight! And, oh, don't I like it! I play with 'em as pussy does with her mouse, and then -ha, ha!-then I'-

"He stopped and, turning his head, eered wickedly at me as he slipped his hand into his pocket and drew out an immense jackknife.

"Still Neering at me, be opened the blade. Then with a lightninglike movement he faced me, and before I could utter the cajoling words I was meditating he had seized me by the arm. Flashing the blade rapidly under my eyes, he shouted in ferocious tones: "'And then-and then I give 'em a

taste of this! And how they squirm Ha, ha! They don't like it, but I do, and -ha, ha, ha!-the more they don't like it the more I do. Taste it-taste, my pretty You won't like it, but I shall,' "And he tore away my sleeve, and, with successive shouts of wild laughter, he thrust the keen blade into the quiver-

ing flesh again and again. "From the first moment I had realized that escape was hopeless and that my only chance for life lay in perfect self ssession and simulated fearlessness. I therefore restrained by an almost superhuman effort the slightest expression of

"At last he stopped. "'Why don't you scream?' he cried, angrily shaking me. 'Why don't you squirm? Why don't you try to get away? "I answered smilingly and very calmly:

"Don't you know that I am a spirit?

Your knife could not burt a spirit, could "A spirit" he echoed in low, startled tones, though still keeping a viselike upon my arm. 'A spirit! No, it could not hurt a spirit. And can't I hurt you at ali?

"See what you have done," I smilingly answered, pointing to my bleeding arm. Did I cry? Did I squirm? Would I not have done both if you had hurt me?" "My rapid questions made no impression upon him.
"'Flesh and blood!" he muttered con

fusedly as he eyed the red stream drip ping upon my dress. 'Flesh and blood ind-and spirit!" "He stopped as if solving some difficult problem and then burst into deafening

eals of laughter.
"'Spirits don't bleed!" he shouted in ad merriment. 'It's all a dodge." "He gave me no time to argue the point. In an instant he was flourishing his knife with redoubled fury and wild-

"That was frightful enough, but sudstarted up and wrenched myself from generally. his grasp, intending to flee through the

"But, as if instinctively penetrating my design, he rushed to the door, and in a second it was closed, locked and the key was withdrawn. "But now commenced a horrible pur suit-a horrible contest for life-and high above the din of falling, whirling furni-

ture rose his mad laughter and wild screams of delight or angry disappoint ment. "Round and round he chased me, his clammy hands now touching my arm. now sweeping my face, now clutching

my dress, as in the awful confusion. whirl and darkness he sometimes came "I might have escaped through the door leading into the hall, but from the instant he extinguished the light my self possession deserted mé. Every thought was absorbed in the mighty effort to elude the outstretched hand, with its deadly weapon, and I darted round and round, hither and thither, impelled more by animal instinct than divine reason.

"I was in the dark: I was murderously arsued by an insane fiend; I must run I must walk: I must creen; I must stand still. From those horrible facts and necessities my thoughts never swerved a hair's breadth.

"I went on, I know not how long-it seemed an age to me-when suddenly the door was violently shaken, and loud voices were heard without. "It roused the maniae to a perfect frenzy. He raged like a wild beast and

pursued me with the ferocious instinct of one. My peri^t was immensely greater than it had been. But heaven saved me. "Presently the door gave way, and my brother, with two or three men, rushed into the room. Lighted by the torch in my brother's hand the men speedily secured the madman, though not without a

desperate struggle. "By an act of unprecedented cunning the poor creature had managed to clude the vigilance of his keepers at the asy lum, and, by the same cunning, to haffle for many days their hot pursuit. "But they got upon his track at last, and arrived, thanks to an overrulin

Providence, in time to rescue me from a death too frightful to contemplate. "Is it astonishing that my hair is white?"-New York News. Triumphant. "When you get in a crowd, my dear,"

look out for pickpockets." "I'm not afraid of them, dearest."

said Mr. Winkles to his wife, "always

When a man is tired, he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example. Birds spread their feathers tors, what becomes of it?—Atchison Globe.

Augusts yawn; they open their mouths slowly till they are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen and the gills open.

Atterholf & Marvin, actorneys for plain open.

The Best and Safest Family Medicine

Bilious and Nervous Disorders Sick Headache, Constination, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver and Female Ailments.

Sweet Revenge. "Who is that man limping along on crutches, with his head all done up in bandages?" inquired the eastern man

thet he was a wass Har then Canno Hank Phillips, when ev'rybody knows thet the cunnel is the wast line in Arizona.

pose?" interrupted the stranger.

"Not right away," answered the landlord. "The cunnel didn't hear of it till two or three days later, but when he did-waal, yer kin see fer yerself what he done to poor Bill."

low said that Mr. Peters was a worse liar than the colonel." "That's jest it. D'ye think the cunnel's goin to stand by an hear a rank amatoor classed 'way ahead of himself

have?" inquired the tourist. "The fel-

"I teld him he didn't dare kiss me." she said. Then she added regretfully: "I sized him up just right."-Chicago



What is Celery King?

It is an herb drink, and is a positive curontlym, kidney diseases, and the veri

and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Distiness, Sicepless-ness and Varicoccie, Atrophy, &c.





Notice of Sale of Real Estate by Assignee.

Pursuant to an order of the Probate court of Summit county, Ohio, issued to me, I will offer for public sale on the premises at two (2) o'clock p.m., on Saturday, the 16th day of Septem-

ber, 1899,

answered Mrs. Winkles. "They can't pick my pocket."

"That's just like you women," said Mr. Winkles, "always so sure. Pray tell me why you couldn't have your pockets picked."

"Because I haven't got any," answered Mrs. Winkles proudly.—Harper's Bazar.

"Bazar.

"Bazar.

"Eth following described real estate, situate and being in the city of Akron, county of Summit and state of Ohio, and described as Gllows, 19-wit:
Betag city lot number two hundred and thirty-one (231) located in said city, as recorded in the original fown plat of Akron, as surveyer and numbered by Joshua Henshaw, surveyer, and recorded in the records of Portage county, Ohio, in volume H, on pinges B and 23, said real estate is appraised at \$2,780,00.

Terms of sale—Said property can be sold for not less than two-thirds of its appraised.

and be secured by mortgage on said pren-

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HIS REPUTATION AT STAKE.

So the Colonel Promptly Took a

of the laudlord of the Metropolitan hotel at Red Dog. "He looks as though he had met with a terrible accident." "Accident nuthin," replied the landlord. "It wuz nuthin but jest dern foolishness. That there feller-Bill Waters is his name—he didn't have pomore sense then ter tell Jim Peters

"And then the trouble began, I sup-

"But what grievance did the colonel

without protestin?"-New York Jour-



ous troubles arising from a disordered stomdealy he leaned over the table beside me | neh and torpid liver. It is a most acceptate and blew out the light. As he did so I medicine, and is recommended by the being Celery King is sold in 25c, and 50c, packages by druggists and dealers.

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